

# ADMIRAL PAKENHAM'S NAVAL MEN FETTERED IN WASHINGTON

## Ball Given by Ambassador and Lady Geddes Among Notable Events for Visitors.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3.

THE British have taken Washington! Of course it isn't the first time; for they captured the city in the days of its youth—more than a century ago. The house where their officers made their headquarters during the war of 1812 still stands down near the navy yard and is today the official residence of the Major-General commanding the Marine Corps at present, Gen. John A. Le Jeune.

It was just a "happens" that yet other British officers of this day and generation were not fettered during the last week. For Admiral Pakenham—even the name is a far off echo of the other far off day, for wasn't it a Gen. Pakenham who commanded the British forces at the battle of New Orleans, early in 1815, and was killed in action?—and his staff and the officers of his flagship, the Raleigh, came, saw and conquered the town without firing a gun. Since their arrival last Monday morning they have simply owned the city. Never before was surrounded by so many thousands of people, possibly, in the fall of 1919, when the Prince of Wales spent a few days here and won all hearts by sheer force of his gay and gallant personality.

Every festivity, aside from the rather solemn celebration of Memorial Day, has been in their honor, and there have been as many as could be crowded into the floating hours. In fact, several of the most planned by Mrs. Henry Getty Chilton, wife of the counselor of the embassy—have been completely crowded out.

Arrived on Monday.

The British arrived last Monday aboard the Raleigh, the biggest ship that ever has come to anchor at the navy yard in Washington. She is the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir William Christopher Pakenham, commander of the British Atlantic and West Indies stations of the British navy. Her arrival here with a score or more of attractive officers of all ages and degrees, from the British ambassador, a bachelor Admiral, and Capt. Bromley, to the youngest midshipman, certainly started something like a social—and sartorial cyclone in Washington. There have been breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, receptions and dances, and even a stray picnic or two arranged for the officers individually and in groups—and there have been parties, too, on the Raleigh, and there is to be a reception there on Monday afternoon, which will be the most "general" of Admiral Pakenham's parties.

The first little preliminary breeze was a relatively small luncheon which Miss Mildred Bromwell gave for some of the younger officers at the Shoreham on Monday morning. A few hours of the time that the Raleigh was warped into the dock of U. S. S. Mayflower at the Washington navy yard, Miss Mildred Bromwell, who is the daughter of the ambassador, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Flint and their daughter, Miss Margaret O. Flint, who had a cottage down the river, and who saw quite a little of the Raleigh and her officers, while the vessel was in its home waters. Miss Flint has been visiting down here this week, and, of course, she has been in on most of the parties where the younger officers were the chief interest. She has been staying with Col. and Mrs. Stephen L. H. Slocum, whose niece she is, and while she was to have been at the Bromwells for part of her visit I haven't heard of her being there as yet. Miss Bromwell has had other girls as her house guests, notably Miss Tracy Lyon.

However, Mildred Bromwell's luncheon was a comparatively modest little party. That same evening Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Reynolds had the most important dinner party of the evening, in honor of Admiral Pakenham and his staff, a company of about forty; and there were two other dinners arranged for groups of the Raleigh's officers, one by the commercial counselor of the Embassy and Mrs. John Joyce Broderick, and one at which Col. and Mrs. Charles B. Drayton presided. Oh yes; Miss Howe—Elizabeth Howe—also had a dinner for some of them.

Memorial Day Exercises.

Tuesday was a Memorial Day, rendered doubly significant by the official dedication of the Lincoln Memorial—the graceful little Greek temple in Potomac Park. With Daniel Chester French's inspired seated figure of Lincoln, by way of a monument to the Gettysburg address as a fitting epitaph, and Jules Guerin's lovely symbolical mural decorations, The President and Mrs. Harding took part in the Memorial Day exercises, rather humbly and unobtrusively. They went over to Arlington and participated quietly in the exercises over there. They were as inconspicuous as possible, could be merely spectators, for the President made no address here.

Even over at dedication of the Lincoln Memorial a few hours later one felt that he was playing his part humbly. He made an address in accepting to the nation the beautiful and fitting memorial which a former President, the president, the president, William Howard Taft, turned over to him, as head of the Lincoln Memorial Association. The mere fact that this memorial to the great martyr President was given by another who had been his own high officer, acting as spokesman and accepted by yet another President of these United States, was in itself self-impressive. It had been hoped up to the very last that another, the only other living former President, would also be present, but Woodrow Wilson was not well enough to be there to participate in the memorial to his great predecessor. Robert Todd Lincoln, only surviving son of his father, was probably the most observed of all observers. The Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge, the former at the head of the United States Senate, which attended the ceremony in a body; in fact practically all the official world was there, including of course the diplomatic corps. And many of them had previously been over at Arlington for the G. A. R. memorial service there.

bread cast upon the waters several months before.

Mr. and Mrs. Hitt, who had entertained for Pakenham the previous night, had also been of the winter colony at Bermuda, and had met the Admiral and the other officers. So, too, were both Anna Hamlin and, as already noted, Mildred Bromwell, Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff and the Joseph L. L. of them entertained for Admiral Pakenham.

Ball at British Embassy.

Probably the peak of the week's entertainment was on Wednesday and its climax was the ball at the British Embassy in honor of the Admiral and the officers of the Raleigh. It was a busy day. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Laughlin had entertained Admiral Pakenham at luncheon; did they eat breakfast? Mrs. T. Gaff entertained at tea for them. He himself gave a brilliant dinner on the Raleigh. He had the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and the Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Rear Admiral and Mrs. Conz, in fact, quite an official dinner. And they had such a good time that they were a bit late reaching the embassy for the reception and ball. It was a particularly brilliant scene because the masculine element was almost entirely naval or military in the fullest of full dress uniforms with all the trimmings, including several bushels of decorations.

You may imagine that this ball at the embassy was both picturesque and about as good as it could be. In fact the British regarded it as quite unofficial—just a little family party! There is always a certain stateliness about big parties in the British Embassy, no matter how jolly and informal they try to be, and fundamentally are. The Ambassador and Lady Geddes greeted their guests at the door of the drawing room, the Ambassador, his big, smiling, unmistakably British person arrayed in diplomatic uniform with its white feathered chapeau tucked under his arm; Lady Geddes charming in her conservative British fashion for she was very thoroughly British even if she was born on Staten Island—in a lovely gown of white tulle brocaded in gold, with cascading side panels of white chiffon. She had a wreath of gold leaves in her hair and carried a fan and a little gold beaded bag. In the ballroom where the dancers were members of the embassy staff were on duty as well as auxiliary hosts and hostesses, presenting the visiting officers to the girls and seeing to it that every one had a good time.

Looking over the ballroom one realized that even if the olive drab and blue of our army and navy are not a particularly brilliant or dressy uniform they after all are a good foil and furnish a needed color element in such a scene. Without them it would have been almost too kaleidoscopically brilliant. As it was, the restful blue and the olive drab gave tone to a company made up of butterfly girls and women in rainbow hues, and men recruited largely from military and naval circles, and nations, as represented in the diplomatic corps. "Full dress uniform" was in order and the blue and olive drab uniforms with a wonderful display of less familiar British uniforms, of few French, Italian, Belgian, etc., of military and naval attaches. The scarlet jackets of the British army officers contrasted with the blue and olive drab uniforms, and everywhere there were bright colored ribbons and glittering orders to give further gaiety to the scene.

Women in Brilliant Gowns.

Even the women, who of late have run so largely to black evening gowns that they seem almost to have reversed the period when it was the men's black and white evening dress that served as a foil for their brilliant, that night blossomed out in frocks so gay that they were fairly jazzy in some instances and in others in delicate soft toned pastel shades. And there was a great deal of

summary white. Anna Hamlin had on a lovely frock of tulle and lace, with the skirt made over hoops, looking very attractive. Louisa Hoar was in white, too, crepe embroidered in crystals and skirt cut in points. Lindsay Wood and Mildred Bromwell were also in white.

One of the few black gowns was Margaret Deebie's, and she looked like an old fashioned picture in it. It was a black lace gown and full as to the skirt, with a full of black lace outlining the bodice of silver cloth. Her hair was dressed in quaint little curls and a band of white bound it round. Another long skirted gown was Annette Ashford's, a luscious affair made on picture lines of apricot tulle. One agreed with the younger who was heard telling her enthusiastically that she looked sweet enough to eat.

Grace Vanderbilt was there; she and her mother seem to swing back and forth between Washington and New York in the absence of Brigadier General Vanderbilt, head of their family, who, I believe, is in South America traveling for business and pleasure. People always study her clothes. Wednesday night it was orchid chiffon, the most noticeable feature being the small slippers of brilliant green which twinkled beneath the hem of her rather long skirt as she danced. Margaret O. Flint of New York had on a striking gown of yellow georgette and was a picture in it.

Sydney Burleson was there—daughter of the former Postmaster General, and a member of the Raleigh's staff in Washington, and she held an important reception through the evening. Others associated with the Wilson Administration were there—Margaret Harding and Alice Harding—the latter's engagement to young Robert Thompson Bell was recently announced; Frances Hampson, who was Nancy Lane's personal secretary and Caroline Stoddard, the Hitchcock, Kathryn Hitchcock and Lena Hitchcock—no, not all of the same family—and Zilla MacDougall, and Delphine

Heyl, Mary Stitt, Margaret Treadwell, Princess Bertha Cantacuzene—such a lot of pretty girls.

Of course there were some of the grave and reserved seniors, but it was rather markedly a young folks' party. Miss Mabel T. Boardman was there, and Gen. Pershing; Major-General, and Mrs. Le Jeune, Admiral and Mrs. Conz, Capt. and Mrs. Henry Munst, Mrs. Richard Townsend, Capt. and Mrs. Ralston Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Hitt, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brett Noyes, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend—plenty of them to give dignity to the party if dignity were needed.

There was a buffet supper served in the dining room from a long table which was gay with red roses and white blossoms arranged in tall silver vases. The doors were open, and one might step out into a garden strung with Japanese lanterns—not so much of a garden as there used to be in the old days, but still quite a good bit of it between the old embassy and the new wing which houses the offices of the embassy. It was an entirely satisfactory party in every way—not too big, plenty of people, but no crush.

There was a luncheon at the Embassy on Thursday and a dinner for Admiral Pakenham at the Leslie Gracie—the secretary of the Embassy and his American wife, who is the daughter of Mr. Pleasant Stovall, formerly United States Minister to Switzerland—and on Friday night there was another big dinner on board the Raleigh, followed by a dance which Commander Ralston Holmes and the officers of the Mayflower gave on board that vessel in honor of the officers of the visiting British ship; while on the preceding night (Thursday) the bachelors of the British Embassy gave a dance.

Not were the men and warrant offi-

cers of the visitor neglected. They probably had almost as many parties as their officers—if not quite so big or so brilliant, and they had one or two "real swell ones"—one big dance at Rauscher's for the men, with Mrs. Conz, Mabel T. Boardman, and Mrs. Le Jeune, wife of the Commander of the Marine Corps; one at the City Club arranged by the Women's Overseas League, for the warrant officers, and a late evening expedition, trips to Mount Vernon and other "seeing Washington" stunts for both groups.

Celebrate King's Birthday.

To-night the King's birthday was celebrated at the British Embassy, and the Ambassador and his staff and the Admiral and his staff jointly toasted their King and their country, and had a brilliant company to help them. It is in a way the big dinner of the year at the British Embassy and a function which is always arranged with the greatest care. It is not an exclusively British dinner by any means, but it is rather highly official. Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge were among those present. There is a brand new miniature of President Harding on exhibition in the window of one of the prominent Washington jewelers. It bears President Harding's autograph and the signature of Miss Edith Hindle Whitehead, the same clever girl who painted that remarkable miniature of the late Senator from Pennsylvania, Philander Knox. She has done a good deal of good work in her chosen line both in America and in England, where she is an associate member of the Royal Miniature Society. I believe she is leaving Washington for the time being, planning to spend the summer in Newport. She has done a number of miniatures in Washington, and is delighted with her experience at

the White House. Apparently the de-light is mutual, for the President is quoted as having exclaimed her tiny painting as the best portrait of himself he had seen.

So entirely has the spotlight been turned on the Raleigh that even the sensation of the announcement of Mrs. James McDonald's engagement to Marquis Huntley seems for the moment to be forgotten. Mrs. McDonald is planning to go abroad almost immediately. She told me a few days ago she hoped to call to-day, but she was not sure that she could arrange it. She seems rather disinterested in the publicity that has been given the announcement of her matrimonial intentions. She dropped in on me a few days ago, full—quite naturally—of her own affairs and her own plans. She had, as I thought, expected to spend the summer in South America—Chile—with her son, who went down there to study law, and her own plans. She had, as I thought, expected to spend the summer in South America—Chile—with her son, who went down there to study law, and her own plans. She had, as I thought, expected to spend the summer in South America—Chile—with her son, who went down there to study law, and her own plans.

May Be Married in Washington.

She seems to be planning to come back to Washington and have her wedding take place here in her own house. But as a matter of fact, I don't think her plans are very definite as yet. She seems troubled that her engagement had been announced, insisting that the announcement was premature, as she had particularly wanted it kept quiet until after she had reached Paris and had time to tell her son about it herself. "But, you know," plaintively, "I never can keep anything to myself!" Four or five of my close women friends knew of it, but do you suppose they would have breathed it? Not they! Lord Huntley did it out over their heads. Mrs. McDonald mentioned four of the women friends who knew of her engagement was premature, as she had particularly wanted it kept quiet until after she had reached Paris and had time to tell her son about it herself. "But, you know," plaintively, "I never can keep anything to myself!" 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